The Bystander, November 6, 1918. No. 779. Vol. LX.

The BYSTANDER

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS ON THE WORLD WAR — AND ON THOSE WHO WAGE IT WISELY AND OTHERWISELY

"TRUST"

"And then there was One"

ONE thinks of the old nigger nursery rhyme and of the dwindling and dwindling ranks of our enemies. They began by dropping out, and now they are tumbling over each other to wriggle through the wire without leaving nasty mementoes of themselves on the barbs. Turkey and Austria challenge our notice at the moment. We take it that both of them will be "unconditionals!" For their evil companionship they must pay through the nose. And both have longish noses. The little Turks (I do not merely mean the "Young Turks") and the Austrian drag-along kiddies must realise for the whole of their lives that their fathers made a mess of things. "War is a thing that does not pay." We must brand that into their very sinews. Then they will burn it into *their* children, and the world will get a chance.

What it all Means

TURKEY falls out and with Turkey the whole East. Turkey was the enemy's last foothold there. How the bazaars will be chattering! The East is a world of dreams, but none of them is for Germany, who has been driven out of the Eden of her snatching. And the East is the stern arena where nothing succeeds like success, and nothing fails like failure. Germany has been smashed under the sun and humiliated for two hundred years. We beg pardon and amend. For two hundred years and a day! She tried to debauch India, to revolt the Straits and Ceylon, to capture Egypt. Splendid! But what has she achieved? She has lost everything. The very men who took her bribe-money will laugh at her. She is finished—in the East.

Our Eastern To-morrow

WE are suddenly faced with new responsibilities in the lands of the desert. There are vast tracts of territory, now sterile, but capable of tremendous fertility, that are now stretching before us. The desert may be made to blossom as the rose. The first problem is not one of irrigation but of personal touch and dominance. Once again—as it ever was in all our old colonising enterprises—it is the native who will count. Who amongst us has the soul to rule in the East? The soul and the Eastern twist of mind? I only know two. The one is Sir Mark Sykes, who is East of the East, and the other Captain Lloyd, the newly-made Governor of Bombay. Personally, I should be suppliant to Sir Mark to be the first British Viceroy of the East. And I should never allow Captain Lloyd to go to Bombay. He speaks Arabic, but he also *thinks* Arabic. I should give him a far bigger job elsewhere.

As for Austria—!

WITH Austria it is far different, and little more than military Austria has been fooled by

"THE TWINS LEAVE THE CIRCUS"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Germany and beaten to her knees. Of course, we must pass over her lands to attack Germany from Austrian frontiers. And Austria must be left powerless in the world politics and the economic rivalry of the next century. The map of Europe was torn up in Downing Street the other night (thanks to Thomas Atkins, Esq.) and is to be coloured anew. All I can say is that it will blush with pride when it sees itself again.

Meantime—Germany!

GERMANY will *not* fight to a finish. She could not if she would and she would not even if her territory. Germany is ready at this instant to make the goods and ship the goods and market them and dash off with a twenty lengths lead in commercial rivalry. We must not allow that.

THAT HUN HEMORRHAGE

"Mein heart vos still bleeding for Belgium"
"Well, Wilhelm, this is a tourniquet"

rulers, whoever they may be from day to day, allowed her to. Germany is the arch-offender, and stern as our victorious conditions may be on others, they *must* be crushing—absolutely crushing—on her. Pray realise how she stands to-day. Her allies have left her. She will fight for herself. She has her country intact as a going concern. She has her Navy and her vast fleet of the mercantile marine almost entire. She has her factories with all their plant *plus* all the looted plant that she has filched from conquered

When?

THE stay-at-home German fire-eaters are hard put to it at the moment to keep up the waning spirits of the people. No matter what happens, they are resolved not to surrender until the English naval guns are firing far into Germany. But they need not have been so vague about the date of this apparently unexpected event. If they are anything of mathematicians, they have only to calculate the speed per hour of the British Fleet and divide the mileage of the Danube by the figure arrived at, and they can get the surrender period fixed to the minute.

An Allegory

"WHEN I was out on the East Coast of Africa," writes a correspondent, "we were plagued with rats. They came by night and they devoured everything that was edible, and heaps that was not! Occasionally one would blunder into a trap, and had to be finished off. In the process they would turn and bite the assagai-blade with all their force. The natives used to employ boiling water for the job." So it is with Germany. She is in her death-throes, and the curious nations ringed round her are watching her mad writhings now that she is alone and hemmed in, and the end is sure. And it will probably be left for Great Britain, the maid-of-all-work of the Allies, who bore the heat and burden of the day in those early, dreadful years, to administer the *coup de grâce*. And we may safely leave it to France and America to see that we do not, in our easy, forgetful way, let Germany off "with a caution."

'Flu and Flurry

I CONNECT the coming election with the 'flu. It is a high temperature business, likely to result in the early demise of the patient. Of course, I know that the idea is to smuggle in a new Government that will hang on for years and years. Don't you believe it. Mr. George, you may take it for granted, will get a majority—of sorts and kinds; but it will not be a lasting sort and kind. I, personally, would lay any odds on another contest when the boys are home, and with very different results. But there we are. We have to pay for our politicians all the time. One

"Extenuating Circumstances"

IT: "Well, you *are* a priceless old bean! You've gone and lost me my throne!"
H.I.M.: "Oblige me by telling the Allies this. I shall get better terms"

fine day, perhaps we shall find a statesman, but I do not see him yet, and even if I did I should probably distrust him.

Thinking Imperially

SOMEBODY, it seems, is dissatisfied with what the late W. S. Gilbert once called "our ridiculous National Anthem." It has been found that there is no allusion in it to the Britains Oversea, and so the wits have met together to supply the deficiency. After long deliberation by some of our foremost "authorities," a verse has been chosen which it is hoped will be adopted; but I doubt myself whether the selection is a very happy one. The first line, "Wide o'er the linking seas," opens too much of a door for the irreverent, suggesting, as it does, the favourite but entirely disrespectful expletive of Old Bill. The wording of a National Anthem should be as plain as possible and its language should be Biblical in its directness and simplicity. Mr. Kipling might very well give the matter his attention, since he could hardly fail to produce an improvement on the official version.

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *November* 4, 1918

DEAR COUSIN—

ABOUT what woman can and can't do, and what she ought and what she oughtn't to do, *how* funny men are, aren't they? Been coming out strong, of course, on the Us in Parliament question, and haven't half regaled us with all the good old *clichés* either! But the debate about it in the House didn't give the antis at all a good run for their money. The figures, you see, were:

For . . . 274
Against . 25
Majority for . 249

卐 卐

AS the charwoman said of the air-raid, "Well, there's one thing about these 'ere bombs—they do take your mind off the war." Westminster on woman was *almost* sweet enough to take your mind off even the 'flu. That the frailer sex, without whom, *vide* Sir Auckland Geddes, we'd have been up against a dead end in this war, couldn't bear the physical strain of Parliament, is, for instance, *good*, isn't it? I mean, you try some real hard canteen work or "the land," or even bringing up a baby or two, for the duration, and compare the "physical strain" with £400 per annum, the best club in London, and holidays by the *month!*

卐 卐

HOWEVER, though he didn't actually *say* "woman's place is the home," one member managed to get in all right that he'd simply *hate* to see us dragged into "all this dirty business of politics." (Mem.: Isn't what's sauce for the gander ditto for the goose?) And Admiral Sir Hedworth Meux also opposed the resolution. Not because he did not love the female sex—he adored them. (Laughter.) But because he did not think the House of Commons a fit place for any respectable woman to sit in (!) The exclamation mark is mine.

卐 卐

I ALWAYS like to hear the Senior Service on the sex—so naïve. The gallant Admiral says this admitting of women into Parliament isn't at *all* popular in the Navy. Isn't it *norful?* And I suppose he means you can't be good *and* clever, not nohow, when he told the House somewhat ambiguously that no doubt there had been great women in the past, but the more they studied this question, and the lives of the women who ruled as well as reigned, the less they were inclined to let those lives be known in classes of Sunday-school girls. (Laughter.)

"All those fluffy ones"

卐 卐

IN fact, not worth knowing, it isn't, what the Ad. doesn't know about us. Picture to yourself—deep in his manly bosom he is even aware of *What Women Really Think!* And also of what they really want. While as to their opinion of each other he referred members to "that distinguished and versatile woman called Cleopatra." Which to me is a delightfully new rendering.

"When she's good, she's very, very good"

卐 卐

THOUGH that story, as the inimitable Mrs. Gainsborough of Compton Mackenzie's *Sylvia Scarlet* would say, "is a long while ago and we must hope it isn't true." Now there's a war on—well, it *takes* the "calm" of the Senior Service to limit the possibilities of femininity!

卐 卐

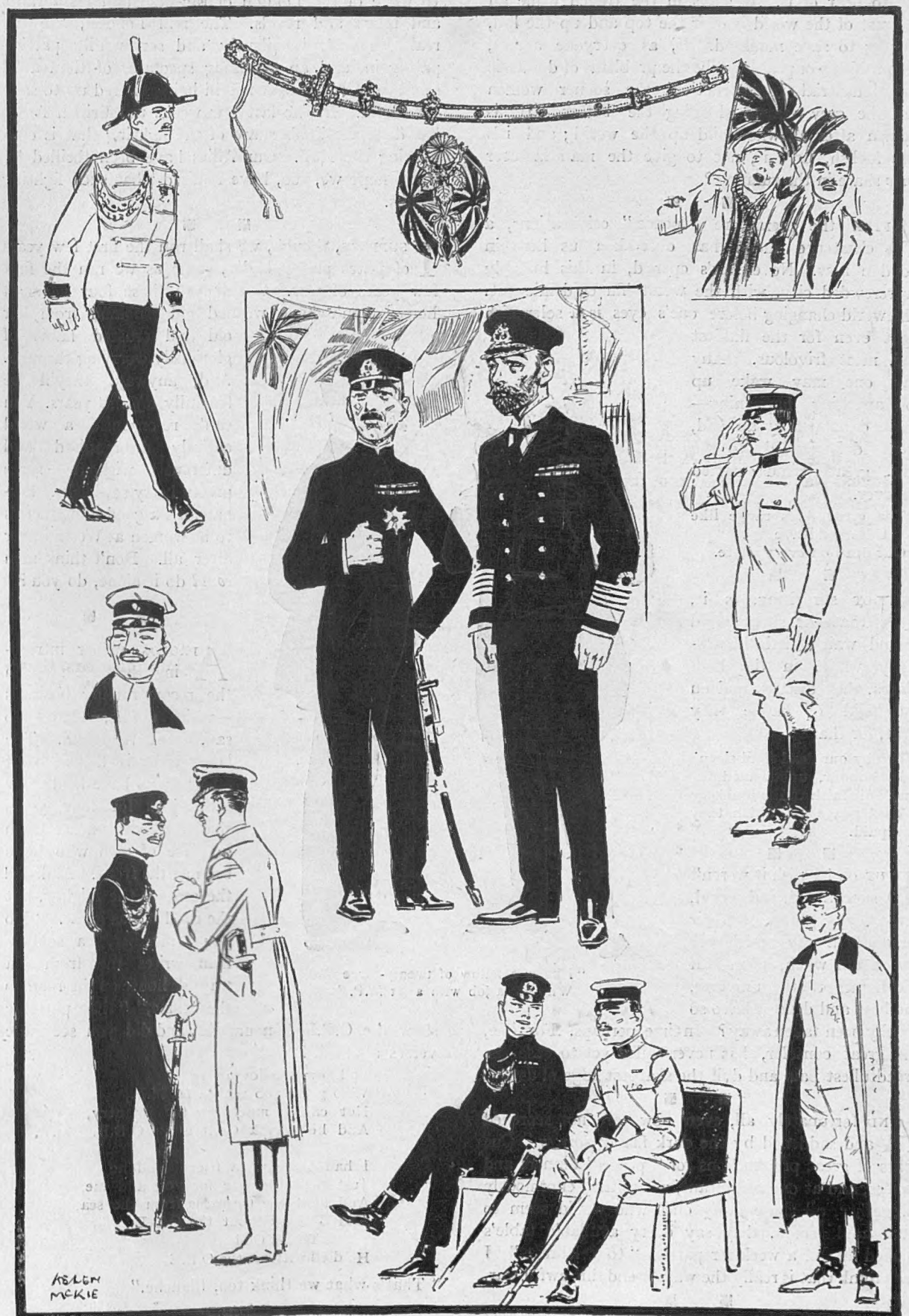
WHAT I think is that just as the right women, given their chance, have done quite splendidly in the war, so will they also, given their chance, do as splendidly in peace. Of course, the trouble with woman is now, always has been, and always will be, that she is a creature of extremes—when she's good, she's very, very good, but when she's bad she's horrid. Whereas man rubs along on a comfortable dead level, not very bad and not very good, with one creed only—to "live and let live."

卐 卐

BUT if there ever was an institution that more badly needed prodding out of the rut than our mouldy and moribund Parliament—well, I have

(*Continued on page 232*)

Cementing the Alliance



SCENES AT THE RECEPTION OF PRINCE FUSHIMI BY KING GEORGE

In the Throne Room at Buckingham Palace on Tuesday, October 29, Prince Yorihito of Higashi-Fushimi, as envoy of the Emperor of Japan, presented to H.M. King George the Badge and Sword of a Field-Marshal of the Japanese Army

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded)

yet to hear of it. It stays in the trench while all the rest of the world is over the top and up the hill, seeking to save mankind. If, as everyone agrees, the problems of peace will be the problems of domestic and industrial reconstruction, the sooner women get the grey matter slopping the better. It is women after all who build up the world; and it's just foolish, isn't it, not to give the manufacturer *some* share in the running?

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AFTER the premature "peace" celebrations, a chastened mood has overtaken us here in London now. November's opened, in this horribly overcrowded city, with the worst 'flu epidemic yet. The world changing before one's eyes is a solemnish sight even for the fluffiest and most frivolous. Any day one may wake up to anything happening—great dynasties at an end, great idols hurled to the dust, great friends parted for ever.

The great days range like tides and leave
Our dead on every shore.

卐 卐

NOT surprising, is it, that the spent world should wait a little breathlessly while, in the high places, they discuss, and on the field of battle they fight, for that

Whereby our dead shall sleep
In honour, unbetrayed,
And we in faith and honour keep
That peace for which they paid.

卐 卐

BUT oh! I wish it weren't such a sad, sad world, these days. Can it *ever* be *really* a gay and lovely one again when, from half the homes of the universe, the best and dearest have so cruelly been taken away? In time, perhaps. For time, the great consoler, has never failed yet to ease the dreadfullest pain and dull the sharpest edge of agony.

卐 卐

AND fortunately all, even now, are not scorched and saddened by the dark fire of sorrow. One hears of great preparations for "peace" dinners and dances, and at one restaurant, where they enormously foregather, all those fluffy ones who would seem to have no kinsmen, they say every available table's booked up for a week for parties "to celebrate." I *can't* think that is really the way to end this awful war.

卐 卐

AND I don't think it *will* be that way for most of us. One is so apt in writing of London to write of the London of rag-time and restaurants and revue and revels. The real London, like the real England, is silently and sorrowfully participating in, and an unwilling spectator of the fearful sacrifice of youth that is still being offered up to save the world. In the last few weeks the British Army has done the lion's share of the fighting that is conquering the Hun. Our Allies have been thrilled by it. I hope we, too, have realised what such fighting means.

卐 卐

I SUPPOSE, though, we shall run the first few years of peace pretty badly, same as we ran the first few years of war. Guess even these four years of horror won't have weaned old England from her old and crusted habit of gloriously worrying through. And, anyway, they'll be fearfully *difficult* years. You can't re-organise a world entirely disorganised and different without some pretty hefty set-backs. Perhaps it's a good thing there's to be women at Westminster after all. Don't think men *could* do it alone, do you?

"I knew a fellow of twenty-three
Who got a job with a fat M.P."

卐 卐

APROPOS, rather intriguing the first step in the reconstructing business—which comes, strange to say, from Whitehall. The latest order is that all staff officers who have held these tabby jobs for four years shall forthwith vacate them in place of men who have been at the front. And oh! the seats of the mighty, but the exodus was great. "Do you remember," a soldier-man writes me from "a wayside house on the road to the Rhine," "that pathetic show the O.B.E. honours list, and did you see these verses about it?

'I knew a fellow of 23
Who got a job with a fat M.P.,
Not caring much for the infantry,
And he (thank God) is an O.B.E.

I had a friend, a friend, and he
Just held the line for you and me,
And kept the Germans from the sea,
And died—without the O.B.E.
Thank God
He died without the O.B.E.'

"That's what we think too, Blanche."

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

THE HUN HELMET

Fresh Eggs

PASSED BY CENSOR

THE FAMILY GHOST: "In my day we fought and slew with the sword"

BERTIE OF THE R.A.F.: "That's all right, old Bean; but you've never seen a Handley-Page dropping eggs!"

The Gallant Forty-Fiver.

by REGINALD ARKELL

Illustrated by WILTON WILLIAMS

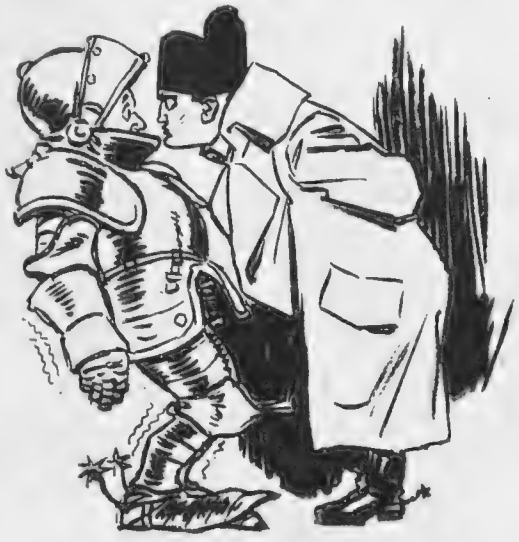
I.

THE curtain slithered gently down, until the final tableau suffered total eclipse. It had no respect for George Robey's eye-brows—none for the carefully selected legs which held the Beauty Chorus in position, and filled the fauteuils to over-flowing with yearning youth.

The orchestra, after working itself up into a final paroxysm of melodious fury dropped easily into the more sedate strains of the National Anthem; and we began to hike our hats and varying impedimenta from the underworld.

Erect among the wriggling, mole-like males stood a soldier in the front row of the stalls. Very straight he stood, his arms falling easily to his sides, with fingers slightly touching the seams of his khaki slacks. To him the Anthem was more than a taxi whistle or a supper bell.

"Strange," quoth I, viewing my hardly recovered gibus with newly-born distaste, "that one-and-twenty miles' sailing, for 'tis absolutely no further from Dover to Calais, should give a man these rights: I'll look into them." So, giving up the argument, I went straight to the stage door—and forgot the matter.



"Somebody lifted my visor and peeped in. It was Napoleon"

EYE-WASH

Inspectors giving timely warning
May see it any Monday morning.

I HAD a queer dream that night. The quarter-master had given me a suit of mail two sizes too big, and I was wondering how the devil I would fight my way out of it without a tin-opener, when somebody lifted my visor and peeped in.

It was Napoleon. "At last," said he, "I have found a sentry who does not sleep at his post. Have you a field-marshal's baton about you?"

"Devil a one," said I.

"Indent for one in the morning," said he, slamming my attic window with a dull, sickening thud.

With that he galloped down the lines, but only to return the next moment.

"Through your company," said he, "they'll have lots of second-hand ones in store."

"And if the baton be as unwieldy as this tin travesty of a tunic, may the Lord help me to shoulder it," said I.

With which I awoke to find myself in the club bath, where loving hands had placed me the night before.

PLATOON

A thing no officer cadet
Has ever seen in public yet.

IT was in the Strand—the sunny side—that I met the Only Girl. I was coming out of Gow's and she was coming out of Fuller's.

I held her hand in silence for quite a while. Then, "Maggie," I said brokenly, "this may be the last time we shall ever meet. What do you say to an olive and a filleted meringue?"

She raised her great wondering eyes to mine, and, gazing into their limpid deeps, I realised with a throb of pride that she would trust me with a wine list anywhere; but of my threatened exodus she said nothing.

"Maggie," I said again, "I am going away, and before I go I have something to say to you. I am going to be a soldier, Maggie—to don the military motley—to be brutal and licentious all at once. I am going to play Old Harry with the girls and simply *live* at the Corner House. Haven't you one word to say to me before I go away?"

Her shoulders shook ever so slightly and I cursed myself for hurling this bombshell into her young and innocent life—wrecking it by postcard as you

"THE GALLANT FORTY-FIVER" (*continued*)

might say. Clumsy fool that I was not to realise how deeply she would care—how cruelly my simple words would scorch and sting! I bent over her.

Would you believe it? She was laughing at me; but in a moment she was serious again. "Poor old England," she said, "and has it really come to this? Things *must* be bad." And then, seeing that I did not laugh, she added: "Don't be ridiculous, Tony. You'll feel better in a minute. Say when!"

A.C.I.

A godless tract, which now and then
Disturbs the peace of honest men.

"WOMAN," I said sternly, "be silent, and likewise desist. Do not deflect me from the path of duty. I am forty-five and fit. I am of no national importance in my present sphere of uselessness, and I have no conscience to speak of. I once walked from Dover Street to the Albany, during a taxi strike, without feeling any serious results. The only Empire that considers me of national importance stands in Leicester Square, and Alfred Butt will, no doubt, pay the usual dividend without my assistance. As to my conscience, I have eaten as much free cheese at the Bodega as most people—actors barred. Doubtless I shall make a rotten soldier, but, if England needs me, I must go where honour calls. Maybe they'll have to widen the trenches a bit, but what of it? I shall be sorry to leave you, Maggie, but, in the words of the old hymn, 'I could not love thee, dear, so——'"

"I shall always be true to you, Tony"

Luckily the wine steward cut short my peroration or I might have landed in deep waters.

Maggie is a nice girl, but——

R.T.O.

A man who lies awake o' nights
To see that soldiers get their rights.

AFTER the second bottle Maggie seemed more resigned to my fate. "I think you're doing the right thing, Tony," she chirped, pressing my groggy knee beneath the spotless damask.

I cast around for words suitable to the solemn hour. "I don't want to leave you, Maggie," I said, "but I think I ought to."

All her splendid self-control broke down at that. "Don't, Tony," she wailed; "don't, dear, I can't bear it."

I apologised. After all, the thing had been said before, and said better, without a doubt. In the throes of the horrid *faux pas*, I almost wondered whether the *Daily Mail* were really the soldier's friend or no. To ease the strain, I put two saccharin tablets in her coffee. I could hardly do less, and looking backward down the long and melancholy vista of sweetless days, I still don't regret it.

Together we watched those beaded bubbles winking at the brim. Then, suddenly, she released her aerial torpedo, and it came hurtling from the blue.

"I shall always be true to you, Tony," was what she said.

Here was a pretty kettle of fish. If I, at the call of king and country, were prepared to tear her image from my bleeding heart, surely she might be equally patriotic. Why further complicate an already difficult situation? Why not let well—to say nothing of me—alone? Besides, it was unlike Maggie to be faithful to anyone for more than half-way through a cheque book.

I tried to reason with her. I said: "It's very nice of you, Maggie, and all that sort of thing, but I don't want you to make yourself ill on my account. Have you considered what you are saying? Think of the strain, and ask yourself if I am worthy of such a sacrifice. It will be beautiful to sleep in a grey flannel shirt thinking of me, but I mustn't be selfish."

"But it would be such fun to be faithful for once," said Maggie.

"Not in an Army shirt," I replied firmly. "Anything in reason, but not that."

"Very well," said Maggie, "we'll be faithful to each other each in our own fashion." And we left it at that.

CAMOUFLAGE

This camouflage of which they sing
Seems a dishonest sort of thing.

"AND now," said I, as we wandered out of the Piccadilly, "I must be getting along to the War Office, or they will be getting the wind up. But first let us go to the Burlington Arcade, in case Lord Milner is not back from lunch by the time I call. I hate being kept waiting."

"What are you going to buy," asked Maggie.

"Silk puttees," I replied briefly.

"I never wear them," said Maggie, sitting up very straight in her corner of the taxi.

"Nobody asked you, my pretty maid. Strange as it may seem, I am going to wear them myself."

"You'll make an awful hash of them," sniffed Maggie.

"That may be," I replied, but as, when once they are on, I shall never see them——"

(I am not *really* so fat as that).

"What the eye don't see, the heart won't grieve," said Maggie—bright girl.

(To be continued next week)

The Wrong Theatre

PASSED BY CENSOR

Whenever that German searchlight is turned on our trench, we have a lot of trouble with Private Harold Montgomery (the ex-famous actor, who has played in "His Second Sin" over 1,000 times). He *will* try to take a call, which, of course, would be fatal

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

A WEEK END AT THE KINGSWAY

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by LEWIS BAUMER*

THIS is another of those stories of mild domestic irregularity which are so popular just now. We have, to begin with, Professor Carino, a celebrity in the musical world, who is proposing to visit a distant town for the purpose of inflicting on it a musical festival, or some frivolity of that kind. During his absence he has placed his house at the disposal of a friend; and in the usual fit of abstraction peculiar to great minds, he forgets the first invitation and issues a second which is just as cordial. It is clear, therefore, that there is going to be some excitement soon. Then we have Ambrose Tibbit, the porter from the railway station, who has come to fetch the professor's luggage. When the porter fails to be as respectful as he ought to be, he is told that he will be reported to the station-master. Whereupon he replies gently that he is himself the station-master and the rest of the staff, as this branch of the railway is only a loop-line, and there are very few trains running over it.

BUT the point about Tibbit is that he is a young man with musical ambitions—leads the choir at the chapel and all that sort of thing. And, finding himself in the presence of the great Professor, he cannot forbear asking for a few valuable hints on the art and mystery of music. The Professor, however, takes a lofty view of his calling, which is not one for mere soulless people like railway porters, who know nothing of the finer emotions that stir the bosom of the musical genius. Tibbit, for instance, has never suffered from the pangs of unrequited love; he has never known the sweet agony of being flung aside by a capricious woman. Consequently he is not in a position to experience the finer emotions from which all the noblest music springs.

TIBBIT, therefore, sees at once that he must meet some nice woman who will make him suffer to the extent necessary to inspire his musical genius. He has a good look at Mrs. Beckett, the Professor's homely and middle-aged housekeeper, and comes to the conclusion that it isn't good enough. About this time the first of the Professor's friends arrives on the premises. His name is Eric Keats, and he brings with him his niece—at least, that is what he says. The "niece" is a lively young French girl named Lucille. Keats is a married man, but he does not explain why Mrs. Keats is not there to look after her niece. It seems uncharitable, but, in the circumstances, I'm afraid we must put the worst possible construction on the affair. Besides, she doesn't kiss like a niece; and then, when he gets a friend to telegraph to his wife that he is travelling on a certain train from a place that is a long way off, it is painfully clear that he is adding mendacity to his other failings.

THEN Desborough arrives, bringing with him his "cousin" Sybil, and we come to the conclusion that this is going to be no slouch of a week-end. Keats just has time to hustle his "niece" into an adjoining room before Desborough arrives; and Desborough's first act is to hustle his "cousin" into another room as if he didn't want anybody to see her. It is clear, however, to both the men that this double-barrelled invitation has spoilt the harmony of the proceedings. Keats says he will go back to town; but it transpires that there is no train. It is, as we are reminded, only a loop line;

and besides, in plays of this sort there never is a train before the morning. If it were otherwise, it would queer the whole dramatic pitch. Consequently arrangements must be made for the accommodation of the ladies in such a manner as to suit the most censorious critic of these irregular little excursions.

LUCILLE, for instance, will occupy the bedroom on the ground floor. The two men must, of course, have a bedroom each, and then some provision must be made for Sybil, as she can hardly be put out to roost with the chickens. This is where Tibbit comes to the rescue. He has a room at the station which is at the lady's disposal if the gentlemen can put him up in any old corner of the house. He is still looking about for some lovely lady at whose hands he hopes to experience the suffering that seems to be an indispensable precedent to musical inspiration; but so far he has had no luck. Sybil, for instance, is mostly in tears, crying either for more food or better lodgings, and that sort of thing is apt to put a fellow off, even if he has had little or no previous experience of the love-making industry. But presently Lucille comes into the room, and with her fine French frankness is loud in her admiration of Tibbit, chiefly on account, it seems, of his yellow hair. She has a weakness for yellow-haired men, though, of course, it is not likely that a mere man like myself should know the reason why.

BY degrees the household settles down for the night. Tibbit sleeps, or tries to sleep, on a small sofa; but as he stands about six feet two in his hob-nailed boots, he has practically to curl up like a winkle in its shell before he can come to anchor satisfactorily in such a limited space. Towards morning Lucille gets restless. She appears at the door of her room in a white garment of some kind which I am unable to identify, even after a diligent examination of the advertisement pages of a ladies' newspaper—one of those new fancy camouflages, or whatever it is they call them, I think. Anyway, the apparition is as fascinating to Tibbit as it is to the rest of us; and when she reclines on the sofa

EVELYN ROSELLE AS 'SYBIL'

and makes him sit beside her, we can only gaze with silent envy at his exceptional good fortune. As the lady has been so far friendly, Tibbit ventures to tell her of his longing to be made to suffer; and being an obliging young person, Lucille shows him how to kiss, and then offers to show him again if the first didn't make him suffer enough. Talk about the sacrifices of womankind!

When the cold, grey morning breaks we have further complications. The train by which Keats informed his wife he was travelling has unfortunately met with an accident. The Professor was on that train and he is brought home by car suffering from shock and other troubles that need bandages and sticking-plaster. He is surprised to see two guests instead of one, though he hopes they will make themselves at home; and for the next ten minutes Keats and Desborough have as much as they can do to prevent the old fellow from strolling into the wrong bedroom, as he is not, of course, aware that they have brought company with them, as it were, and he wants to get some rest as soon as possible. Then Mrs. Keats and Mrs. Desborough appear on the scene. Mrs. Keats has heard of the railway accident, and believing that her husband was travelling on the train in question, not unnaturally she is a little anxious. So she comes to the Professor's house to get the latest particulars.

From this point the fun is very brisk and lively. Some of the complications are, perhaps, a little stereotyped; but then so is the way of man's error. Some optimistic sinners may fancy they have discovered an absolutely new dodge, but they find their mistake out sooner or later. The efforts of the two men to escape the consequences of their irregular proceeding are highly diverting; and it is, perhaps, unnecessary to add that they succeed very happily in proving that there never were two more innocent and undesigning men anywhere. The story goes briskly from first to last, and the acting is excellent throughout. On the evening of our visit the part of Keats was played by the versatile Mr. Ernest Thesiger, who was, I believe, originally the creator of the part of Tibbit in the play. But Mr. Thesiger seems quite at home in the lively part of the misguided Keats, and I do not think it could have been better played. Mr. Edwin Greenwood was agreeably convincing as the musical Tibbit; while Mr. Sebastian Smith was in excellent form as the other fellow, Desborough. Miss Evelyn Roselle was nicely fascinating as the amorous Lucille, and the production altogether is one which will, no doubt, receive the generous support it deserves.

JINGLE

SEBASTIAN SMITH AND ELSIE CRAIG AS 'PERCY AND DINAH DESBOROUGH'

A Charming Revue Actress

Photograph *Bertram Park*

DOLLY VERE

Appearing in "Tails Up" at the Comedy Theatre

The Chang

AT THE OLD IMPERIA

e of "Bill"

L THEATRE, POTSDAM

The Duenna Passes

By THE OLD GUARD

WHEN, by the favour of heaven, the tumult and turmoil of war are done and the emergency workers of to-day are sorted out into the grooves wherein they more properly belong, they that were of old the chaperons of youth and innocence will of a surety find their occupation gone. We were never of those who loftily denied to contentious woman a sense of logic; our part it was to hold that she merely ignored it. Woman, if the truth may be for once forgiven in these censored days, is vastly more cunning than man. Long since she learned that the employment of logic would prove her mostly in the wrong; and it was, therefore, more prudent to dispense with it in her argument. But woman can employ logic if it shall serve her turn, and on the chaperon question the occasion is here. For, she will ask, if a care-free girl may roam the countryside alone for three years and more, why should she need the company of a chaperon at a dance or at the play in the crowded heart of London?

THOSE of us who are no longer in the bright morning of youth can recall a day when single ladies, who were over careful of such reputations as they had, would not be seen driving through town alone in a hansom cab. And lo! the time has so far changed that to-day such a lady may with all propriety stand alone in a crowded street, lightly fling a neatly-gaitered limb across a motor-cycle, and clatter away without exciting other sentiments than those of admiration for her fine public spirit and useful work. The worthy chaperon of yesterday, whose chief and most valued qualifications were middle-age and somnolence, is hardly likely to take to motor-cycling to-day in order to keep her professional fitness eternally fresh and green.

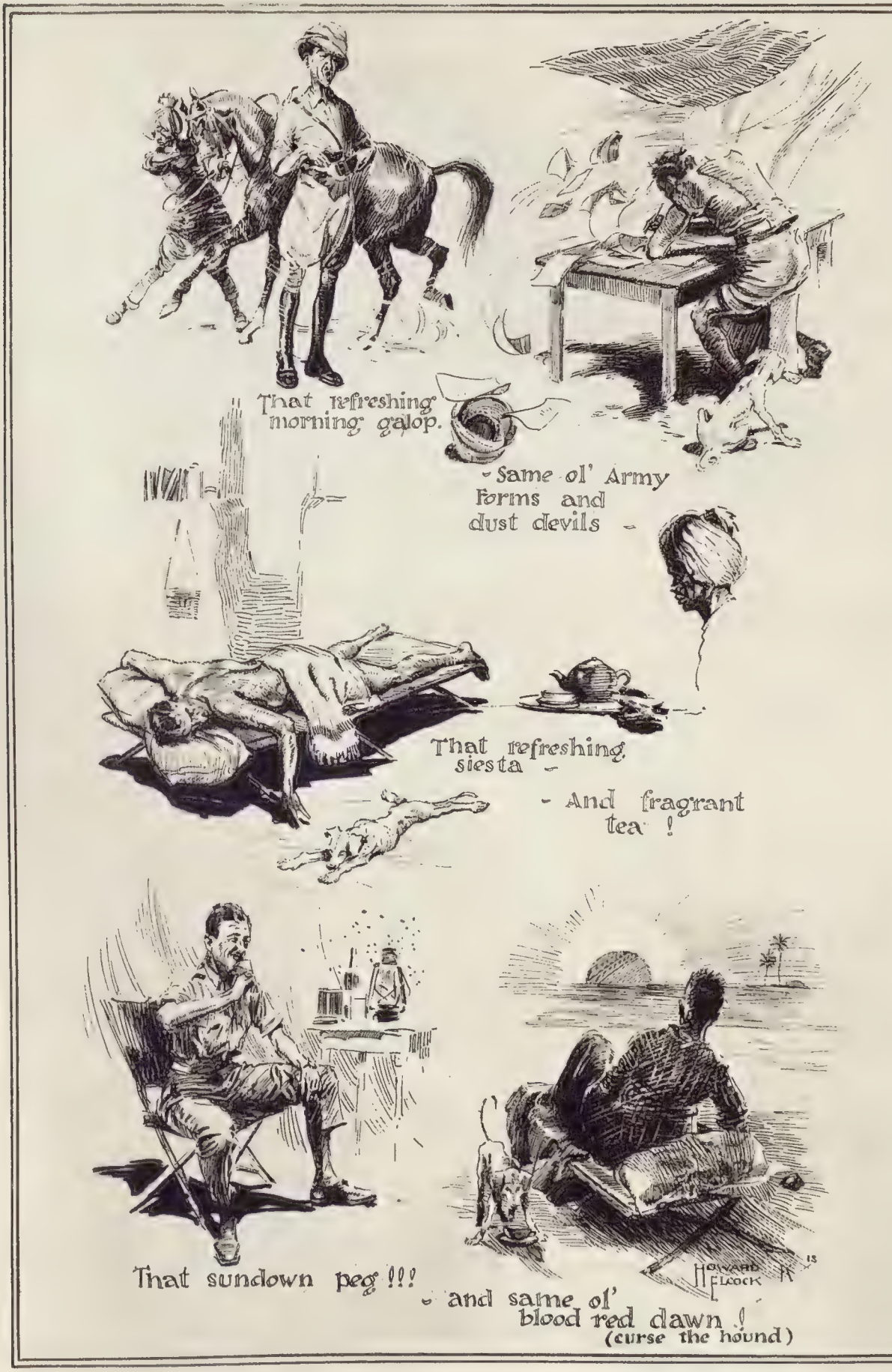
THERE are timid folk who bleat aloud that the peril of the unchaperoned girl arises not alone from her native tendency to indiscretion, but because she is of the weaker sex, and therefore, willy-nilly, at the bidding of the strong. We counsel such to sojourn for a while among the gently-nurtured ladies toiling on the land as tillers of the soil or reapers of the harvest. We will confess that, in a moment of amiable weakness, we were once moved to remark to a sturdy young lady of breeding, who stood before us in valiant smock and breeks, that the fashion of the hour gave a new and more delightful aspect to her many charms; and her reply was far from proclaiming her sex as either weak or gentle. It was, indeed, to the effect that unless we had a mind to experience a sudden thickening of the ear, we should do well and prudently to pass quickly on our way.

THE bachelor-girl we already had before war-time came upon us; but she was the individual rather than the species. She descended upon us abruptly, claiming the right to the freedom enjoyed by the bachelor-man; and when woman claims a new privilege as an ancient right it is as good as hers already. It is not for ourself, with some knowledge of the way of the bachelor-man, to inquire how closely the bachelor-girl insisted on establishing the parallel. But the girl of the future will be one of many girls without any qualifying adjective. She will have no use for the duenna because she has learned in the course of the war to run alone without hurt. And in the days of peace to come she will rightly claim liberty to enjoy the privilege she has so gloriously earned in the service of the Empire.

For Service

French Official Photograph

Croix de Guerre being presented to the Duchess of Sutherland by General de la Guicke in the name of the French Government



PASSED BY CENSOR

HOT WEATHER IN MESPOT

And then the Band Played

By DELL LEIGH

When Lieut. John Anderson, R.A.F., became unfit for further service overseas, he remained, waiting orders in London, a happy man in the realms of music. For music was the second greatest thing in Anderson's young life. The first was the absorbing pastime of stalking Hun two-seater machines from a great height, over their lines; and this pursuit was now denied him.

But when he received orders to take over a training squadron on the North Sea coast, miles from anywhere, then was the winter of his discontent. In the first weeks of solitude he missed acutely the London String Quartette, the Sunday afternoons at the Albert Hall, and the "Proms" at the Queen's. There was nobody in the squadron, so far as he could ascertain, who had any vision at all beyond revue numbers, sung by a *soi-disant* beauty chorus in Hull, and the song of the hour in those desolate regions was "I want to be good, but the girls won't let me"; and, as Anderson confided in a letter to his sister: "If that isn't calculated to break the drum of a man's ear, nothing will." Moreover, the Mess piano was an abomination of desolation.

Now, there were few wind instruments that Anderson could not bring a tune out of, and in desperation he wrote home for his latest acquisition, a saxophone. It arrived by lorry, and was opened in the ante-room amid jeers. When Anderson played sentimental airs on it after dinner, however, the Mess became very silent and absorbed, and in succeeding days, when it was not flying weather, many potential musicians had a go at it. Anderson found to his amazement that quite half-a-dozen men had some ear for music, and with the inauguration of the saxophone there sprang up a desire to blow something. This was quickly followed by the concrete proposal to form a squadron band—in secret.

Secrecy was the essence of the contract, for it should be explained that our squadron, X, suffered badly by comparison with the originality and exploits of Y, a neighbouring aerodrome, thirty miles distant; and the idea of a surprise stunt was straightway born and bred. Money was duly subscribed, and Bandmaster John Anderson, having separated the wheat of desire from the chaff of wind trials, decreed a sextette, and ordered instruments accordingly.

Flight sergeants were given the most stringent orders, to be duly inoculated into the minds of fitters and riggers, that band rehearsals held in one of the hangars by night (discarded musicians having objected by force to the Mess) were not to be discussed outside the aerodrome.

The Waacs of the neighbourhood, the chief difficulty, were implored, through the medium of their senior officer, to keep their own counsel, if they could, and the great training proceeded.

What Anderson went through in the weeks that followed only he can describe; but he battled valiantly, one by one, with embryonic performers on saxophone, cornet, trombone, clarinet, bassoon, and flute. And in the fullness of time his labours were rewarded, and the sextette played a real tune.

There were, of course, difficulties, chief amongst which was the frantic desire on the part of the bassoon to play *con molte espressione* when he had mastered ten consecutive bars; and of the saxophonist to give vent suddenly to two *staccato*

(Continued on page 248)

THE NEXT GENERAL ELECTION

"Of course you'll vote for Mr. Jones?"

"My dear—I simply couldn't. His principles may be all right, but I don't like his eyes"

Our Royal Airman

Official photographs

H.R.H. CAPTAIN PRINCE ALBERT FLIES TO FRANCE

Our picture shows the machine about to start, with Prince Albert and Major Greig at the rear of the "'bus." The inset photograph shows the Prince in the rear gunner's seat of the 'plane

"AND THEN THE BAND PLAYED" (concluded)

bass notes instead of one, by way, as he explained, of emphasis. The cornet too, had a vivacious habit of subsiding into *strabato*, when *pianissimo* was needed.

But by dint of ceaseless effort the day arrived Now, X Squadron was the possessor, as a factor in its training, of an Ajax, or heavy bombing machine. In it, as you know, six men can sit comfortably concealed in its immense fuselage, and the earth wots not of their presence. The day ordained was the day of Y Squadron's gymkana. All the youth and beauty of the county were present, and sports and games, for both sexes, were in progress. About which time, thirty miles distant, six men in full evening dress with long hair and appropriate musical appearance rose skyward in the bosom of the Ajax. When she shut off her engines at two thousand and dropped silently towards Y's aerodrome, its members merely remarked "dam cheek, we never invited them." But as she sailed gracefully down, an amazed assembly heard "Pomp and Circumstance" proceeding from the bowels of her, and stood transfixed.

As she taxied along the aerodrome and lumbered to a halt near the tarmac, a bearded conductor, white-gloved, rose from the gunner's cockpit, tapped lightly with his baton on the gun mounting, and six immaculate musicians rose and gravely rendered the National Anthem; a significant hint that in originality, anyhow, if not in prowess, X Squadron had the last word.

IF GERMANY WON

THE WAR BEFORE CHRISTMAS

there would, in the ordinary way, be

NO BYSTANDER ANNUAL

The possibility of such an awful calamity (*i.e.*, no Bystander Annual) has, however, been safeguarded against, and the number has been designed on the lines of "If Germany Had Won."

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There is certain to be a run on it in Germany and you know what runners *they've* got, so order your copy *now*.

THE BEST

PIECE BEFORE CHRISTMAS

Eating the Leek

FLUELLEN FOCH: "I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave, at my desires and my requests and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek: because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites and your digestions, does not agree with it. I would desire you to eat it."—HENRY V., Act V.

The BYSTANDER OVERSEAS

In an American Cantonment

GOING OVER

DEAR BYSTANDER

I HAVE seen many troops, perhaps a hundred thousand, pass through the camp from which I have written since first I went there last winter. Some have moved to other camps, but generally only as a preliminary to "going over"; the great majority have gone, by routes devious or direct, to swell the number of the American Expeditionary Force in France. And this process has been repeated in all the other cantonments of the country; a continuous and rapidly increasing flow of men is passing to Europe, so that now the United States Army abroad is nearing its second million.

Meantime, while we have been helping to train these soldiers in the practices of war, these same practices have been changing. We, the original British instructors, have become out of date in our knowledge of modern warfare. So we, too, are coming over, to give place to men of more recent experience—to other Frenchmen, Britons, Canadians, and (most significant this) to American soldiers proudly sporting their one or two service chevrons, their Croix de Guerre, and their "overseas" caps and belts.

I left the camp with feelings of regret, mitigated somewhat by the fact that I was escaping from a temperature of one hundred and eight degrees in the shade! So, by way of Washington (which to-day is almost as cosmopolitan, with its many-hued uniforms, as Paris) to "an Atlantic port"; and now I am coming back to England, home, and duty.

An odd detail, like myself, goes to the shipping office, gets a cabin ticket, and arranges for the transfer of his baggage (you see how American one becomes!) just as in the old manner of peace time; but arrival at the docks translates one again to the changed conditions of war. As we reached the landing stage we saw our Cunarder beside it filling with American troops, and we went aboard not to the accompaniment of the farewells of our friends, but to the martial strains of "Good-bye, Broadway—hello, France."

Our complement was indeed a mixed company. Forward we had white troops and aft a coloured battalion; in the cabins and staterooms were their officers and a heterogeneous collection of British officers, Canadians returning from leave, American Red Cross and Y.M.C.A. parties, reconstruction units, odd civilians returning from missions in the States or proceeding on missions to Europe, Englishmen returning from the East, and so on.

And if our ship held a mixed company, assuredly our convoy, when we joined it in the river, was a collection of odd craft. There was everything there from giant Cunarders and stately White Star liners to misshapen cattle-boats and dingy freighters; and around us assembled our escort of cruisers and destroyers—but on this subject I must not particularise. So we gathered together like an odd assortment of swans and ducks and divers on a London park pond, and early one morning we slipped off past a certain famous statue and made for the open sea.

The voyage is long, as the pace is set by the slowest ship, and so far has been without much incident to relieve the monotony. Sometimes one of our ships fires a round to clean out its guns, and then there are always several to be found who will swear that they have seen a submarine. We have daily boat drill, and enthusiastic people do physical exercises. We have deck

(Continued on page 253)

PASSED BY CENSOR

ALL CLEAR!

"Has the barrage lifted?"

"Everything in sight, sir—except the church!"

Too Many For Him

PASSED BY CENSOR

TIRPITZ'S TURPITUDE

KAISER: "Donnerwetter! Why don't you strafe them? Why are your U-boats coming back?"

TIRPITZ: "But, Majesty, the sea so full of them is that for torpedoes there vos no room!"

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'Anne'

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tennis and quoits by day and concerts and even a dance by night.

One can get a lot of amusement out of the people on board, and the negro troops are an unfailing source of merriment. Yesterday, I saw a physical drill class working under two coloured sergeants who were simultaneously doing two different exercises and each expecting the whole class to follow him. Naturally confusion reigned and the sergeant at the forward end of the line was cursing the men at the aft end for being out of time, while the other sergeant was threatening to take the names of the men up forward.

To-morrow, if we are lucky, we shall see Ireland and next day, Blighty! Even to one coming from a land of comparative peace and incomparable plenty that is a thought to warm the heart.

And now, dear BYSTANDER, before finishing this last letter, I want to impress upon you that greater kindness or more liberal hospitality could not be imagined than that which we British officers have met with in America. Let us see that, so far as the straitened circumstances of our land permit, the Americans who visit us may go back to their country with a similar feeling in their hearts with regard to us. If we cannot lavish on them the same wealth of material welcome, we can at least equal them in warmth of goodwill and appreciative gratitude. All the best of America admires Great Britain to-day; let us help those Americans who visit our shores (the fighting men, I mean) to get to love us also. For one of the greatest benefits which can arise out of this war is a permanent Anglo-American Alliance; not a formal, Government-made alliance, for Americans are traditionally and constitutionally antagonistic to such things; but an alliance of the two peoples in mutual understanding, forbearance, admiration, and love.

Yours, etc.,
H. W. Y.

In PARIS: "Jours de Victoires"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

WHAT emotion there is of these *jours de victoires*. It is a nothing that there are no potatoes in the market, no matches, no *confitures*, when the *communiqué* of the morning tells us how France and the brave Belgium are delivered. There are four years that we have been so quiet without excitement, and now it is not so much with the flags and the cheering that we show the emotion — I think we as much have tears.

"The widows of our poilus . . ."

EVERYONE has made the pilgrimage to the statue of Lille in the Place de la Concorde to give the flowers. It is the first time since, oh, so long! that we have had a real fête; and it is all so gay and so strange because everywhere are rows and rows of the Boche guns which our *poilus* have captured and so many Boche aeroplanes to look at which the Government has arranged to make us pleased and willing to buy the new war loan.

IN the garden of the Tuileries and the Champs Elysées, too, are so many guns among the trees and the statues. The children cannot any longer play, except it is the hide and seek among the German cannon and to run away from the sentry with a long bayonet. Even there is a submarine in the Seine by the Pont de la Concorde, where one can buy the bonds of the loan to free all our country. It is very long since our *chanteclair* has crowed so loud as he does now, and since we have had so great happiness inside.

ONE cannot think sometimes that it is already four years of the war. It has not at all the air to be so long since we threw our flowers to our *poilus* in the old uniform who went to fight at Charleroi and the Marne. How we were confident that with the

"We threw our flowers to our poilus"

English and the Russia for us the war could not last six months. *Oh, la la!* And now so many of the widows of our *poilus* of nineteen hundred fourteen are again married. It is by that that one remembers that the war has lasted long. Only it seems even still that the widows are marrying themselves too soon when so many others are not married at all.

WE have not made many rejoicings yet, because we know very well that the war is not

"THE BYSTANDER OVERSEAS" (*concluded*)

altogether finished. But because your British Army has delivered Lille we have hung out our flags, and on the first day it was very nice to be an English soldier in Paris. Perhaps it was sometimes that it was an old lady who has kissed the Tommies, like one I have seen who has embraced three altogether and cried tears on them. But sometimes they had the better luck that it was someone not so old who has wished to show how she was happy.

"So good temper your Tommies . . . when the waiters charge them twice too much"

THEY are always in so good temper your Tommies, and it is for that that we like them so much. It is never that one sees them fight, even when the waiters charge them twice too much for the beer. But it is the English officers who come on their *permission* to Paris who are our puzzle. They look always so sad and bored that one would be very bold to disturb them to tell them one was glad they had won so great a victory.

THERE were two who were come to see our statue of Lille when we have put the wreaths round it, and one said: "I suppose it's a kind of patron saint." The other said: "Rot of that sort, I guess." I wanted so much to tell them what it was and how we were glad that after four years we had taken the mourning from our statue, but I was so much afraid that they would think it bad form that I should speak to them to tell them right.

YOU know, I think we are a little frightened of your officers because they look so solemn and strange. The Tommies have much more the air to be at home as if they were quite happy to have a *permission* in Paris. Perhaps that is why they had so much greater a success with everyone and have had so many kisses.

SINCE our victories we have so much discussion of peace, but now that it comes near, it is not only the peace we want, we want the victory first. Even the

"It was very nice to be an English soldier in Paris"

women of the *marché*, who do not much talk the politics have discussed one day, when I was gone to hunt for our so rare potatoes, what Maréchal Foch and the President Wilson must do, and how we shall make the Kaiser very, very sorry that he has tried to come to Paris.

SOME of the old women were become quite excited to decide what they would do with the Guillaumes *père et fils*. There were many who wished to make a petition to M. Clemenceau that he should give M. le Kron Prinz to them to make reprisals. "Yes, but I would keep a sharp eye on my *chouffleurs*," said one, "while he was about." And there were so loud quarrels because everyone wished to show that she was most a patriot. "*Défaitiste*," the apple woman has shouted at the old one with the barrow of herrings. "You have only the one idea, to have the peace and your Jacques back home again. Me, I am for victory."

"FLÛT you and your victory!" said the merchant of herrings. "You sing very loud to-day, but it is only a three months that there was no one so frightened in all the market. *Défaitiste, voyons*, and who stayed in her *cave* for four days when the Bertha was firing and bought a *billet*, to Bordeaux, when I have said every day: 'They will never come?' *Défaitiste*, indeed, when my son is at the front since four years."

THEY so much enjoy to quarrel like that because now the great victory begins to come and they are excited of it. But, you know, Lucille and I have found that it is more that one quarrels about the peace than ever about the war. It is only when one says that the Kaiser must be sent to St. Helena that we are quite agreed, and there is peace of our discussions.

Your friend,

AGNÈS

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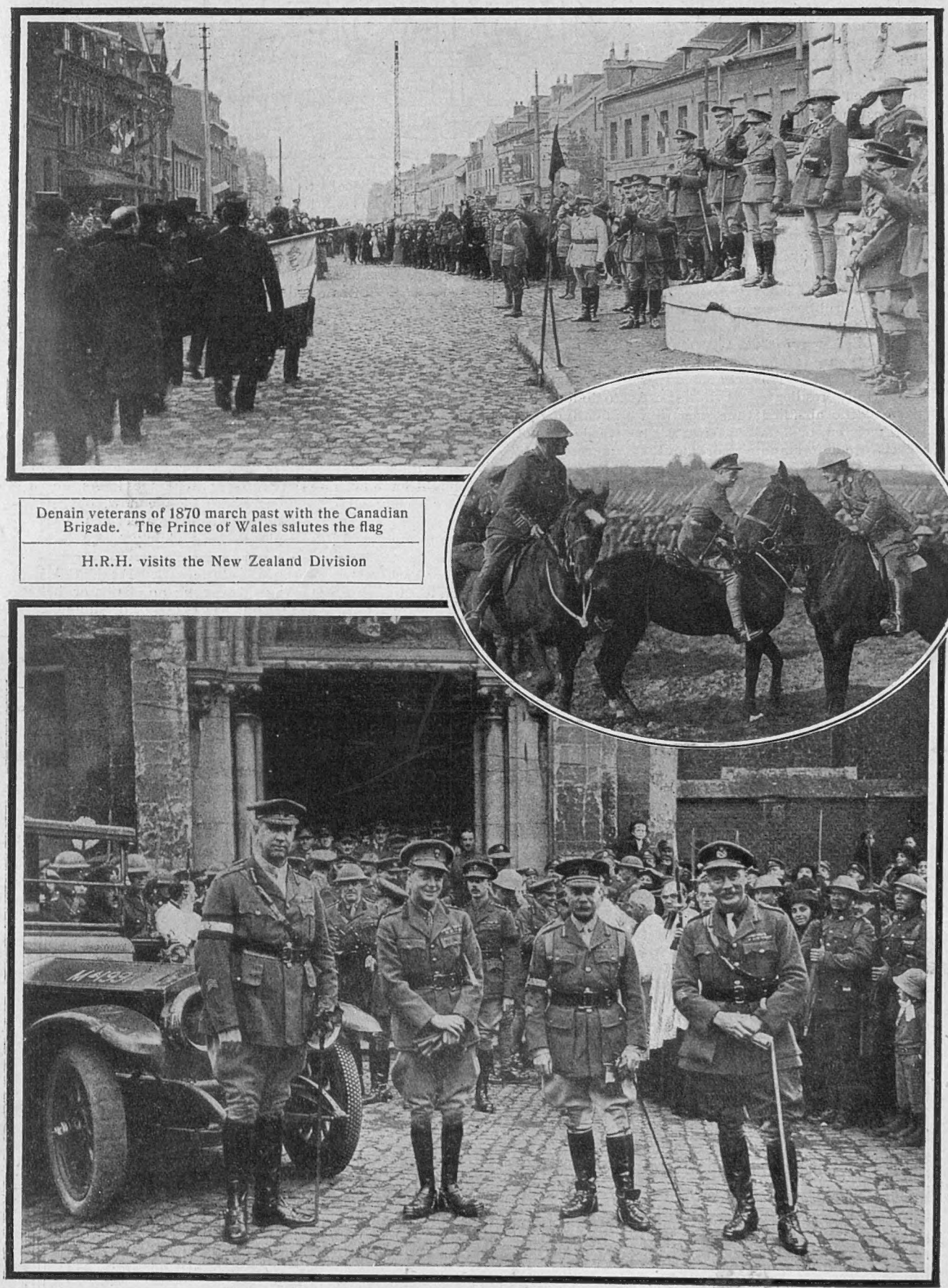
Our Busy Prince in France



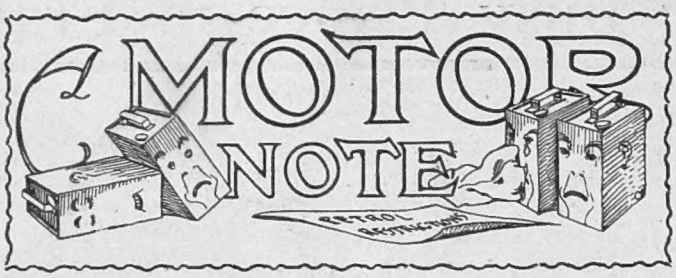
Denain veterans of 1870 march past with the Canadian Brigade. The Prince of Wales salutes the flag

H.R.H. visits the New Zealand Division

Official Canadian and New Zealand photographs

H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, with General Currie and the General of the Canadian Division which relieved Denain, standing outside the church of the town

On the Western Front, the Prince of Wales has played his part as a soldier and now is called upon to represent Britain in our victorious progress. H.R.H. is having a busy time



Blessings to Come

IN a gathering of trade personages recently, there was discussion of the good things to which we may and may not look forward. All sorts of refinements, luxuries up till now, were mentioned as desirable "standard" fittings. One man interested me particularly by saying that what he wanted was a really non-puncturable tyre.

I was constrained to remind him that we had enjoyed the ministrations of rubberine for quite a number of years. Rubberine is not rubber, or anything like rubber—except that tyres filled with it run just as comfortably as do air-filled tyres that are pumped to the pressure recommended by their manufacturers. This compound is wonderfully resilient. It takes the place of the air-filled tube, does not leak, moisten, or "flatten" if a car's wheels are left standing for months in one position. It is really a very serviceable air-substitute, and rubberine-filled covers never deflate. I am surprised that I have never mentioned it before. Anyhow, I am now making good my scandalous omission. It is a compound to try.

* * *

Brooklands: Its Track

ANOTHER of the coterie was saying that what he wanted most to see was Brooklands re-opened (to you and me), with a brand-new surface, free from joins, cracks, and pot-holes, with enlarged restaurant accommodation, public telephone service, and so forth.

A very pleasing prospect. It must be admitted that the possibilities of the track at Weybridge were never visualised to their full. Mr. Locke King's gift to automobilism—for gift it practically was, *bien entendu*—did what it was primarily intended to do for the pastime, and the industry underlying the pastime. I suppose we should not grumble, and so appear ungrateful.

But there really were quite a lot of little things which might have been grafted on to the track's accommodations, without any prejudice to its original and outstanding usefulness.

A Busy Personage

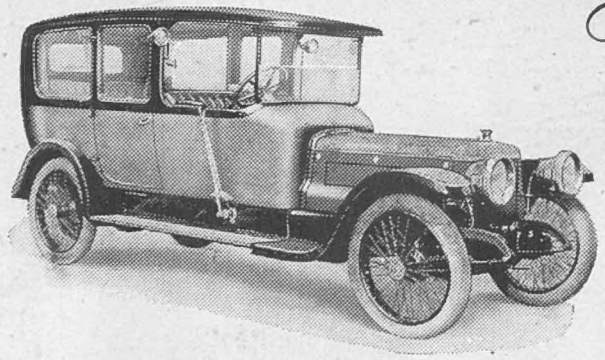
THOSE who have seen the apparently interminable series of time and trouble saving inventions given to motorists by Mr. F. Lionel Rapson, may be interested in some biographical notes about this clever young fellow. Mr. Rapson ran away to sea when he was nine, and had sailed twice round the world before he was fourteen. Then he tired of blue water, because even steam vessels did not give him enough machinery to play with, and he was apprenticed to one of the oldest firms of oil engine makers.

He was among the first twenty men to enlist at Whitehall, in August, 1914, was wounded in France, again wounded in German S. W. Africa, and came home to do motor engineering work for the British Red Cross Society. Next he started inventing, and up till the end of October he had spent £11,000 on patent fees! As he is only 32 years of age now, one can hardly regard his career as likely to end for a long while yet.

The most severe test for a carburetter is on an aeroplane under war conditions. CLAUDEL HOBSON CARBURETTERS are undergoing this test with credit.—H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.

Be right at the start. Fit the C.A.V. GEARED STARTER; no chains or belts to stretch. The essence of simplicity. Booklet post free.—C. A. VANDERVELL and Co., Ltd., Electrical Engineers, Acton, London, W. 3.

Daimler



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THE Daimler is pre-eminent among motor carriages for its lasting qualities. Apart from the scientific selection of the finest materials and micrometrical accuracy in workmanship, the Daimler embodies in its wonderful sleeve-valve engine principles which have enabled it to establish records which have never been challenged. Power, silence, flexibility and reliability are inherent in the Daimler, and after long years of service these qualities are unimpaired.

The delight of anticipation will be yours from the time you decide on the Daimler as your after-war car.

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